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The rising floodtide of her agony,
The billowing beauty of the Infinite,
Borne in, a miracle, upon the shallows
Of their small, individual human lives.

Yet is it but a little human babe,
Given at last into his reaching arms
And carried to the hollow of her breast!

Marguerite Wilkinson

NOVEMBER SUN

Rain-softened, mellow
Sunshine of waning November
Dapples the apple-leaves russet and amber and yellow—
Don't you remember?
Trailing behind him
Jocund red fungus-heads, why does he hide in December
Where we can't find him?
Changed to a frost-crimsoned, orange-faced, sleep-headed
fellow—
Blizzards behind him?

J. C. Chadwick